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No. 8 is the bowl of a pipe which I picked up in 1812, near Kilcrea Castle, in the County of Cork. What satisfies me that numbers 7 and 8 belong to the reign of William the Third, is my having received from Mr. Jesse two pipes with large bowls of the same fashion, which were taken out of the ponds at Hampton Court when recently cleared, and these ponds are known not to have been cleared out since 1770.

Among the old tobacco pipes in my possession is one found in 1808 in removing the ruins of the printing office of Mr. Nichols, in Red Lion Passage, Fleet-street, London, after its destruction by fire, and given to me by that gentleman; from whom I have recently received another old pipe, which has been turned up in his garden at "The Chancellor's," Hammersmith: and Mr. Nichols, Jun. has likewise just increased my collection, by presenting me with an ancient pipe, dug up at the foot of Bobs Mound, Reading, in 1792.

The conclusion I have arrived at, from a careful comparison of the shapes of all the old tobacco pipes I have got together, and the consideration of the situations in which they were found, is, that the Danes had about as much concern in smoking with them as the fairies. That the smaller the bowl, the more ancient the pipe, and for this there is a reason in the rarity and value of tobacco on its first introduction. I therefore venture to assign No. 3 to the reign of Elizabeth; No. 2, which is somewhat larger, to that of James I. or Charles I.; Nos. 4 and 5 to the Commonwealth and Charles II.'s reign, for which appropriation I think there is satisfactory proof in the discoveries made at Battle-bridge, in Crooked-lane, and in the vault under the Boar's Head Tavern; as well as in this shape being the one most commonly found – nineteen out of my thirty pipes belonging to this class—and thus corroborating the popularity of the practice of smoking tobacco about the middle of the seventeenth century, whereof an old ballad-maker sings,

"Though many men crack,
Some of ale, some of sack,
And think they have reason to do it;
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o'er
The honour they do unto it.

Tobacco engages
Both sexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy;
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both those that are sick, and the healthy."

The change from the egg or barrel-shaped bowl of the tobacco pipes of Charles II.'s reign to the larger and more graceful form of William III.'s period, is illustrated by numbers 8 and 7, from whence the transition into the shape at present used is obvious.

I have to apologise for the length to which this communication upon so trifling a subject has extended, and trusting to your indulgence, I beg to subscribe myself,

Your humble servant,
T. Crofton Croker.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

PADDY DOYLE'S FIRST TRIP TO CORK.

Mr. Editor.—As I saw in an ould number of the Dublin Penny Journal, a letther from Darby Doyle, giving an account of his thrip to Quebec;—an' as Darby was my own blood relation, being my first cousin jarmin, by the father's side, I said to myself, if this Dublin jantleman printed Darby's letther, about his voyage to America, why shouldn't I make bould to throuble him with an account of my trip to Cork; for I'm sure an' sartin, if it was written out fairly by the schoolmaster above, an' if you, yourself, would take the thrubble of correcting it, it would be just as amnusing as my cousin Darby's.

Afther Jillian Murphy, the mother o' my little grawls, went from us, I was forced to give up the sod of ground for want o' help. Jillian an' I wor tied for nine years, an' we had, in that time, as many little girls; for she was very fond, afther a way she had of having twins, poor dear woman, an' in all that time, "ill you did it," wasn't between us. I left the ground, as I was saying, an' took a cabin on the road side, an' kept a bit of a baste at work on the new line that was thin carrying on by Mr. Griffith, (I suppose Sir, you hard tell of him,) an' a little dhrop o' whiskey to sell to the masons an' boys that worked on the road. In the course o' time, I picked up my crums so well entirely, that I put a stone facing to the mud wall of my cabin, struck a bit of a pavement from the dure to the road, to make my place cumfortable for thravellers; got a settle-bed in the kitchen, an' if the little girls didn't garnish the new dhresser with all kinds an' sizes of crockery-ware, 'tisn't day yet! an' instead ov buying my little gallon of christened whiskey, at John Sullivan's, in Mill-street, I used to sind for it to Mr. Punch, the spirit seller, at Malla-lane, an' thin to another in Cork: an' at last, as I got stronger, nothing would plaze me, but to hoist off my sails to the beautiful city itself, for a full cask, from the fountain head, at Murphy's still. So getting Shaune into the ould car, an' putting a few good yellow boys into the heel of an ould stocking, I commenced my journey.

On arriving in Cork, I put up my horse at a frind's house, an' turned down Goulasporra, towards the ould jail, that is, where the ould jail was, for they took it out to the counthry some time ago, to give the pris'ners a taste of fresh air, I suppose. As I turned Goulasporra, as I was saying, who should I meet, but my gossip, Jim Connor.

"Well met, Jim," sis I, "I'm going a bit beyant here, to dhrop a letther from Father Foley, (which was thrue for me, at a sartin house,) an' thin we'll take the wetting of our lips together." Jim pushed on with me, an' on our return, afther laving the letther, we passed through a fine sthreet, where all the shops were crowded with rumps o' beef, an' legs o' mutton, an' beautiful fish; but the sight o' the roast beef, an' delightful parfume, knocked me up entirely."

"Jim, avic," sis I, "that's a grand sighth, I wondher what soart o' people ates all that mate."

"Thrue for ye Pad," sis he, "I suppose they must be people that have teeth an' stummucks like ourselves."

"O, more sorra to ye," sis I, Jim Connor, "for Eagan O'Rahilly wouldn't bate you at a joke,—but I wondher would they let two *cabogues* (vulgar persons) like us, taste it at-all, at-all."

Jist as the words left my mouth, an' I standin' in the street, a fine flahool lady came to the dure.

"Walk in Pad," sis she, "and take a bit o' dinner,—you must have an appetite afther your journey."

"Long life, an' a thousand thanks to yer ladyship," sis I, taking off my hat, an' making a ginteel scrape with my leg, that sent the gutther five yards beyant me, an' a bow a little below my knees. "Your ladyship must be from Duhallow, to know my name,—do ye belong, madam, to the O'Driscolls, or the grate Kelihers of that counthry?"

"O! I hard tell o' thim," sis she, "an' many's the Duhallow man, besides you, throubles me here."

"Walk in an' make much o' yourself, Jim," sis I, "for what do ye stand grinnin' there like a Kerry goat, sure you know a man can take a stocach (an attendant) with him any where he's invited,—be bowld man."

In we wint.

"What'll ye choose, sir," says the lady, "would ye have some beef an' cabbage, a nice bit o' mutton an' colicflower, (cauliflower,) or a porcupine o' vale, or ——"

"Go no further, madam a-chree," sis I, "as to the porcupine, the sorra a wan I ever saw cooked, let alone ate —we'll pass that—the colicflour must be good for the stummuck—and by the same token, I had a spice o' the gripe all day;—so we'll thry that an' the mutton, with your lave, afther we taste a thrifle o' the beef an' cabbage."

"Molly," sis she, "shew the gintlemen up stairs, into the small room."

Molly was a good-looking girl, with a mighty roguish bit of an eye, an' a smile that id coax a wild plover.

"Molly," sis I, ma colleen bawn, (she had fair hair, beautifully curled,) "I wish I had you in the sporting barenny o' Duhallow, where I have a snug stone-wall

house o' my own, d' ye see;—I'd keep ye like the first lady o' the land."

"Keep yer freedom, my good man," sis she, "till ye meet your own equals." An' she looked mighty grand, and tossed her curls, and whisked out o' the room.

"Jim, a vrahir," (cousin,) sis I, "we're dished; I'm sure an' sartin that is noboddy else but her ladyship's daughther that I affrinted with my rollicking."

The dinner kem up in grate style, but the colicflour was neyther flour nor male, but bunches of some stuff, like the tops of eldher; the musthard would make you hould your nose for an hour, and the beer was mighty tart, 'twould fissick a snipe, and the mutton 'id make you keep your head a good bit from the wall; so Jim and I stuck to the beef an' cabbage, till we left short commons of it.

As soon as we had done, "Jim, avourneen," sis I, "let us gather up our scrapers an' be going, I don't feel quite at aise here."

We walked down stairs as softly as our brogues would let us—but who should be standing at the bottom, but the landlady herself.

"Sis the lady," sis she, "I hope your dinner was to yir liking."

"Long life to yer ladyship," sis I, "that was what you may call a flahool dinner—the sorra betther from this to the Causeway; an' whin we go home to Duhallow, I'll let O'Collins's seven plough-lands, at any rate, know yer hospitality."

"Ye have only wan shilling and six-pence a piece to pay," sis she, "an' I'll expect yer custom in future."

"What, madam," sis I, "sure you wouldn't be afther axing us in to our own expinse."

"Pay down the money, honest man," sis she, "there's nothin' for nothin' on Cork stones."

"O, musha, bad manners to ye," sis I, "ye brandy-faced —— if that's yer hospitality, to take in at such a rate, a pair of simple counthry gomuls, that havn't a cross o' money, goold, silver, or brass, to bless themselves with, we wor the two unlooky crathurs to be so deceaved by such an imposther."

"Where is yer husband?" sis I, flourishing my black-thorn, an' slapping up the lafe o' my hat, at the same time, to see the betther before me.—"Where is yer husband?" sis I, "an' as sure as you're livin', if it was any wan waring a britches, that took such an unfair hoult of a poor soft boy like me, but I'd dust his jacket for him."

But what do you think, my hunny, she sint for a constable, undherhand.

"Mr. Slyman," sis she, "here's two counthry spalpeens came a sconcing my house, an' running off with the reckoning, and 'saulting a respectable housekeeper."

"Pay the woman, my good fellow," sis he, "or come before the Mare."

"Yis," sis I, "I'll go before any mare or horse in Ireland, agin the garrin that took an advantage, an' soothered me into her house, an' not a keenogue in my pocket."

So he boned me by the collar, for fear I'd give leg bail, d' ye see;—Mr. Jim, like a sleeveen, med off.

When we kem before the mare—"meela milloon mulla!" sis I to myself, "what a wondherful city this is. "this mare is a rale jintleman, what a dhroll name they call him."—So I up an' toult him my story, and she up an' toult hers, and afther a power of fending and proving, the mare—long life to his honour, afther larning that I hadn't a pinny in my pocket,—an' that was raal truth, for I hpt every marvidy of my money, notes an silver, into my brogues,—the mare said she had no right to thripan (that was his word,) poor simple counthry people into her house, and dismissed the case altogether, and my kishough* waddled home like a grampus, with her finger in her mouth.

So far, so well! for I left the Mare-ill-three house with flying colours—picked my thrifle o' money out of my brogues at a convenient place, and wint to the still for my whis ey, an' took out my permit, an' was dhriving up Barney lane, thinkin' of nothing at all, whin a talla-faced m o kim up frinting the horse an' load—my baste stopt up.

"Wheeps Shawn," (Jack,) sis I, "do ye think I stole you."

"Is your name Paddy Doyle," sis the talla-faced man?

"Yis," sis I, "what's yer will o' me? My name is Paddy Doyle of Shandangin, above board.—Paddy Doyle that's neyther afeard nor ashamed of no man." I spoke big, for I didn't like the cast of the fellow's eye, an thought he was wanting to throw the gawmogue over me.

"I don't at all doubt it," sis he, "for if you had fear or shame in your forred, you wouldn't be afther robbing that jantleman yonder on the flags,"—an' he pointed with his finger across the street.

"None of yer tricks upon thravellers, my gay fellow," sis I, "I never put the two eyes of my head on him afore."

"That's Mr. Punch the publican, from Malla-lane," sis he, "an' he has taken out a decree agin ye for a debt of four pounds, due for goods sowld and delivered, an' I must seize upon the whiskey."

I kept a stiff hoult o' the horse's head, an' Mr. Punch drew near—

"Are you Mr. Punch, Sir," sis I; for I didn't know him, an' taking off my hat, "may-be your honour would have marcy on an unfortunate angishore, that wouldn't intend to desave you at-all at-all, and I'll pray for marcy on your sowl, an' the sowls o' the seven ginerations that left you.

Mr. Punch shook his head.

"For the sowls of all your nearest an' dearest relations, your gran' father, an' gran' mother, your uncle an' aunt, your brothers and sisters, the father that reared you, the mother that bore you, an' if there be blot or blame, pain, or punishment, consequence o' confession, missing o' mass, pinnance unperformed, or freaks o' folly on their sowls, the prayers o' the poor widdy, (widower,) an' the blessing of the orphans, go to their cumfort for ever an' ever, an' don't be the ruinashun of an industrus man, with a cabin full of femul grawls."

Another shake o' the head.

"The blissing o' the motherless children 'ithin an' 'ithout ye, above an' below ye, over an' undher ye, lying an' rising, sitting an' standing, sleeping and waking, eating an' dhrinking, late an' airly, dhrunk an' sober, an' let go the dhrop o' whiskey to Jillian Murphy's crathers."

Here Mr. Punch smiled, which made me think I softened him a thrifle, an' thin I detarmined to stick a little longer to the blessed litany I was saying for him.

"The blessin o' the twelve thribes, the twelve patriarchs, the twelve prophits, the twelve apostles, the twelve martyrs, an' the elve heavenly signs o' the zodiac on your seed an' breed, an' don't dhrive me on the belly o' the high road—Mr. Punch, avourneen, by taking the support o' the heavy femul burthin from me."

Not a word from the Buddah.

"I'll take all the bravery's (breviaries) in Rome, all the books in Father Foley's house, the holy Batha Phadrig, an' the wondherful Ranigh O'Reefe that id twist the mouth o' the false swearer *west*, where his pole should be, that I'll pay you yer money, an' don t take me short, an' that death mightn't take you short."

It was all to no use to butther Mr. Punch up; if I prached a sarmunt, and said a high mass for him, I couldn't soften his nayther, an' he beckened to the thief o' a bailiff, who wheeled about the horse an' car; an' my taste o' whiskey was taken before my face, and lodged in his consarns; but my poor baste was let go. I left Shaune at the ould place, and strolled into the city, jest to look at the Yall House. I was quite down-hearted, an' looked for all the world like a motherless calf. I stood on Parliament Bridge, an' as I laned over the battlements, it ran into my head, some how or other, to dhrown myself, out an' out, but the height o the bridge made me afraid of braking my nick in the wather. At last, I turned about to dhrive away wicked thoughts, whin I saw a fine-looking jantleman coming up the bridge; I rec'lected that I seen him in the morning, whin I took out the *permit*.

"Now's the time!" sis I, "that's a gauger, if I live, an I'll make Mr. Punch sup sorrow."

* Shapeless mass.

* Beloved.

"I up, an' off with my hat, an'," sis I, "would it be the will of yer honour to let a poor man know where he'd be likely to meet a gantleman o' the oxcise, (excise.)"

"I'm shuperwiser, (supervisor,) myself," sis he, "put on yer hat, poor man."

"Sur," sis I, "don't suspect me for an informer, at all, at all; my seed, breed, an' gineration always scorned the like, but a scoundhrel in Malla-lane, has played the puck with me, an' I want a little revinge on him."

"It's all nathral," sis he, "if he ill used ye."

"He's the ruinashon of myself, an' nine motherless grawls; an' he has, at this blessid minit that I spake to ye, forty gallons o' whiskey, in his back-house, unnonst to the gauger."

The gentleman's eye glistened with delight.—"Come along," sis he, "an' if we make a sayshure, I'll give you a guinea to boot."

"Long life to your noble honour," sis I, "I knew yer honour looked like some grand jantleman, an', p'rhaps, yer honour would want a baste to remove the whiskey, an' I have a snug horse an' car at yer honour's sarvice."

My hand for ye, we let no grass grow undher us, till we come to the right place, an' I had Shaune an' the car ready in a jiffy.

The whiskey was saised an' conveyed into my car; an' as we came down towards the guard-house, the shuperwiser slipt the guinea into my fist.

"You desarve it," sis he, "an' here's a crown to dhrink the king's health, besides."

"O, you're the jewel of a jantleman," sis I, "long life an' good luck to your noble honour—wheep Shaune—an' I turned up Blarney-lane. The jantleman turned on his heel,"—

"This is our way, over the bridge," sis he.

"But this is my way up the hill, Sur," sis I,—"wheep, Shaune."

The jintleman got into a high passion, an' collered me.

"Fair an' easy, ma boohil," sis I, "that's my whiskey, an' here's my permit; an' if I hear another word coming out o' your ugly mouth, I'll get a *posse* o' them thripe-women below, to cool your courage in the river."

But for all that, he throttled me still, an' flung a hawk's eye round for a constable. A crowd o' brogue-makers an' thripe women now gathered round us.

"Jack Begly," sis a fat thripe woman, to a big brogue-maker, "Jack Begly, have ye the spirit o' a man to stand on yer two pins there, an' see a blagard gauger, throttle any fellow christian."

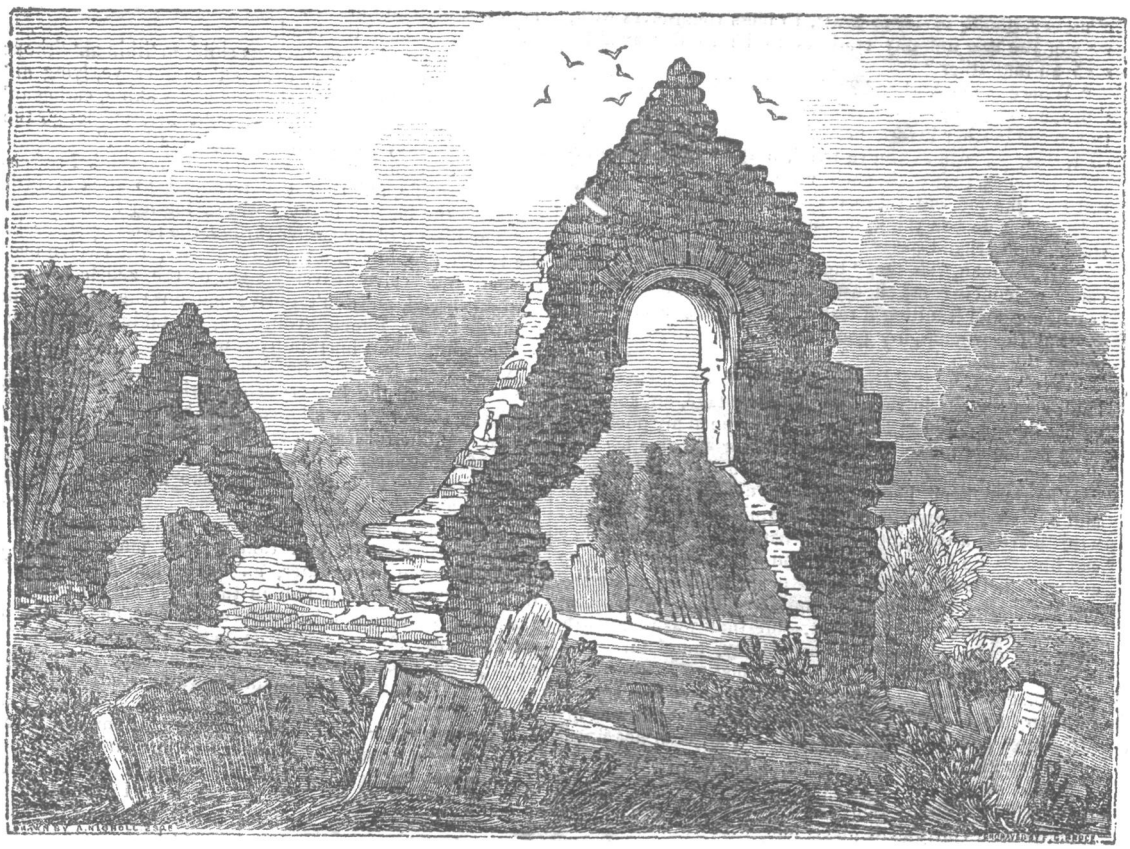
"Let us have at him, Poll Dooly, the squinting thief," sis another fierce verago, brandishing a large thripe knife, an' before ye could say Jack Robinson, he received a shower of thripes right in his face.

The sogers at the guard-house, hearing the row, rushed out to see the sport, an' while the thripe-women, an' brogue-makers were busy amusing themselves wid the gauger, I slipt away the car as quietly as possible, an' whipt Shaune to the top of his speed, up Blarney-lane. Stopping for a minit to brathe the horse, I heard below, at the distance of half a mile, the roar o' the thripe-women—the clash o' the sodgers' bagnits, an' the rattling o' the stones along the sthreet. While hundreds came rushing agin me to the bottom of Blarney-lane, I was clearing out at the top of it, an' laving all the fun behind me. From that day to this, I never inthered Cork—nor, if I can help it, will I ever again, till the day o' my death. An' wishing you long life an' prosperity,

I remain yer humble sarvunt,

For PADDY DOYLE,

Shandangin, May, 1835. E. W.



KNOCK CHURCH.

This ruin is situated on a hill about two miles from Belfast, a short distance off the leading road to Dundonald, County of Down. It is a celebrated burying-place, and a conspicuous object in the landscape. From it the town of Belfast and surrounding country is seen to the greatest advantage.

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